

## vampirism by mvrcredi

**Series:** [reddie vampire au \[1\]](#)

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe - High School, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Alternate Universe - Vampire, M/M, Mild Language, New Kid Richie Tozier, Pre-Slash, Vampires, they're about 16

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Maggie Tozier (mentioned), Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT), Wentworth Tozier (mentioned)

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom & Richie Tozier, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon & Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris

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**Summary:**

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Now, he knew it wasn't his parents fault he was born a vampire. And, don't get him wrong, there were some benefits too.

*But Richie hated his fangs.*

## **vampirism**

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Now, he knew it wasn't his parents fault he was born a vampire. And, don't get him wrong, there were some benefits too.

But Richie hated his fangs.

He had always been a happy kid, or so his parents claimed. Richie would always be smiling, and bringing joy to his peers. It was what he did best. It was the purpose he served.

At least, this was until his fangs had grown in when he turned eight. They were uncomfortable and sat wrong in his mouth, and the first time he smiled at a classmate since they had appeared, she had screamed and ran away crying.

Richie had been scolded by the teacher, though he hadn't had a good understanding as to what he had done wrong. Maggie and Went had decided on moving to start fresh—but it was already too late for Richie. The damage had already been done.

Richie hadn't smiled since. Not even amongst his family. He avoids making friends as to evade a want to smile, or laugh wholeheartedly. It was a sad and lonely existence, sure, but he learned to live with it.

That was, until junior year.

Junior year, Richie was starting once more at a new school, this time in a small town in Maine called Derry. He had gotten into a fight at his previous school, and it had been pretty serious, so a move had once again been the best solution.

Richie was able to fall into his usual routine at first. Wake up, get dressed, bike to school, eat lunch alone, bike home, finish homework, eat dinner, sleep, repeat. It carried out for well into a month of the new school year, until a group, deemed the "Losers", took interest in him.

When they first began to approach him, Richie would just politely

brush them off. They were kind people—which made Richie want to befriend them less. He couldn't imagine becoming friends with genuine people only to have them turn in disgust at his true nature the first time he showed vulnerability. And as nice as it would be to have friends, Richie didn't want to set himself up to be humiliated.

They were persistent, however. This was not at all favourable to Richie.

It begins with Ben.

Oftentimes, Richie is in the library during lunch, or whenever he has spare time. Ben obviously figures this out, as one day, completely out of the blue, he sits himself down next to Richie. He drops his stack of books on the table, then asks, "Mind if I study with you?"

Richie shrugs a shoulder. Ben takes this as an invitation, and immediately starts into one of his textbooks.

Ben is courteous enough to not force Richie into conversation, though he does sometimes ask him the odd question that doesn't get much more of an answer than, "I guess."

At some point, Richie glances over and notices Ben struggling with a math question.

"Don't forget to do order of operations," Richie interjects quietly. "That way you won't get a complicated decimal. The answer should be thirty-seven-over-twelve. Or three-point-zero-eight."

"Thanks Richie!" Ben smiles, and Richie is tempted to return the favour, but ultimately restrains himself. "Hey, do you think you could help me with this other question?"

And it starts like that. Richie opened up just enough for Ben to stick his foot in the door. Which was too much, in Richie's opinion.

Next comes Beverly.

Richie is putting his last class's books back in his locker when Beverly comes up to him.

"Richie, right? Ben says you're really good at math. I was wondering if you'd be able to help me?" She asks, and while he truly doesn't mind helping with homework, Richie can sense what else she is trying to achieve from this.

Regardless, he agrees to help anyways.

"Great!" She exclaimed. "Can you meet me in front of the school at the end of the day? We can go to the public library, if you want?"

Richie nods, and she grins before she heads off—either to smoke or to go to class, Richie couldn't say. It was difficult to miss the smell of cigarettes when one had enhanced senses. That, and it was a strong scent on its own, even to an average nose.

On his way to class, Richie can't help but wonder what might happen if he actually opened himself up to these people. They would be his first real friends in a *very* long time. It would be nice to have some companionship from time to time, or really just someone to talk to other than his parents. Richie was sure they would appreciate it if he made friends as well.

Stan asks him to be lab partners in biology that day, and Mike and Bill invite him to be their group member for an in-class English assignment. It's a bit overwhelming, the sudden attention, but Richie can tell they aren't doing it for any personal gain. They're simply treating Richie with kindness no one had ever shown him in the past few years of his life. Richie was... grateful, but also wary towards the idea of making friends. He was still quiet, and smiled closed-lipped if at all, but still. It was a good feeling, to be included.

But then... then comes Eddie. A perfect storm. The cause of Richie's destruction, without the pain of being ripped apart. The crack in

Richie's armour, as he would soon discover.

They end up paired together for a project in their law class. It's complicated, and is supposed to take at least a week to finish—the catch is, there was hardly any class time for it. Richie suggests they meet up at the town's library to work on it, but Eddie insists there'd be less distractions at someone's house (“besides, *everyone* will be going to the library”).

Eddie invites Richie over to work on the project, and, like the idiot he is—Richie agrees.

He is beyond nervous to be in a setting with just the two of them. Not just because it was new territory—but because Eddie was *cute*, and maybe, *maybe* Richie had developed a small crush on him from his few interactions with the Losers. His brown doe eyes, his small, adorable stature. The tiny spitfire was apparently *exactly* Richie's type.

They start off quietly. They figure out the parts of the project each other would work on, and that's that. It's nice, until Eddie starts ranting.

Obviously frustrated with some aspect of the project, Eddie begins complaining about how *bullshit* this class is, and how they “hardly ever have lessons” and “have to teach themselves” despite the teacher being paid to do that. He launches into a big, long monologue about the teacher himself, and at one point—does his best impression of the man. Which, to say the least, isn't all that good.

Richie giggles, and Eddie snaps his attention to him. He furrows his brow.

“What's so fucking funny, dickwad?”

Richie shrugs. “It's just your impression. It's not very good.”

Eddie narrows his eyes at Richie. “What, and you think you can do any better?”

Richie sniffs. “Sure I can.”

And so, Richie dives into a number as the teacher, and not to brag, but his impression is *damn* good. Eddie is nearly doubled over in laughter as Richie continues. Richie is smiling softly, but not enough for his fangs to be on display.

It's only when Eddie interrupts with his own take on something Richie had said as the teacher that Richie breaks. He bursts out, howling with laughter, and *man* does it feel good. He hadn't laughed like that in *ages*.

It was great, however, until he notices Eddie is no longer laughing with him, but is instead staring at him with a range of emotions on his face.

Richie blinks. "What's wrong, Eddie? It's like you've seen a... ghost."

Realization hits Richie like a freight train, and his stomach drops. "Oh."

He gathers his things as fast as possible (which is pretty fucking fast), and bolts out of Eddie's room without another word. Richie can hear Eddie calling after him through his window, but Richie is already on his way.

When he gets home, he runs up to his room, tosses his things aside, and curls up in bed to cry. Of course he had to let his fucking guard down. He'd be lured in by kindness and warm smiles, and now none of the Losers would ever be nice to him again because of what Eddie saw, and what Eddie would probably tell the others. He'd call Richie a monster. That's what most people did when they found out what he was. This wasn't any different, Richie was certain.

He was just glad it was Friday—he had a weekend to sulk and figure out how to react when everyone in the school *knew*.

Suddenly, Richie hears a quiet *plonk!* from his window. He looks up, and a pebble hits the glass. Another one. One more.

He wipes his eyes and takes a few breaths to try and settle his breathing. He approaches the window and opens it, narrowly avoiding being hit by a rock. Eddie is standing on his front lawn.

“How do you know where I live?” Richie asks.

Eddie pauses. “I followed you.”

Richie’s face scrunches up in confusion. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I want to talk to you,” Eddie explains. “Can I do that?”

Wordlessly, Richie nods. He makes a gesture to Eddie, telling him *one second*, and Richie closes the window, and leaves his room. He walks downstairs, hesitating a moment before he opens the front door.

Eddie turns his head, and blinks at him. Richie rasps, “You can come in. My parents aren’t home.”

“Okay,” he says, and wanders over to Richie. Richie stands to the side to let Eddie in, whom of which takes in the house as he enters. “This place is pretty nice.”

“Thanks,” Richie answers softly. “You wanted to talk?”

Eddie nods. “Yeah, about why you ran away. Why’s that, dipshit?”

Well, that certainly hadn’t been the reaction Richie had expected. He was expecting more anger, to be completely honest, and this was not at all that. Sure, there was a bit of irritation, but there was no more than mild annoyance at the inconvenience.

“Because... because you saw.”

Eddie sighs. “Yeah, and? I was just a bit surprised was all. You have some wicked canines, dude.”

“It kind of comes with the job,” Richie laughs, rather self-deprecatingly. Eddie looks puzzled.

“What do you mean?”

Richie blinks. “Wait, are you telling me you didn’t—wow. Okay. It’s because I’m a vampire, is what I mean. So are my parents.”

Eddie raises an eyebrow. “That’s not a thing.”

Richie shakes his head. "It totally is. Like, basically the whole stint. I drink blood, that's real. I'm no more sensitive to the sun than an Irish person is, though. But I do have enhanced senses. The whole deal. Fangs included."

Eddie appears to be in disbelief. "Yeah, no. That's totally not possible. Show me, then."

Richie spends the next hour explaining and demonstrating to get his point across—Eddie refuses to believe about half of it, but at some point, he has no choice but to accept the fact that, yes, vampires are real and that yes, Richie was in fact one.

"Hey, Richie?"

Richie hums, looking down into Eddie's *big, brown doe eyes* that he liked so much.

"I liked it when you were laughing, at my house," he admits quietly. "It's just, I had never really seen you smile and it kinda just... made me feel happy inside? I don't know, it sounds dumb, but I just thought—"

"Hey, Eddie?" Richie cuts him off.

"Yeah?" Eddie responds, eyes wide; owlsh.

Richie smiles. "Thank you."

The shorter of the two furrows his brows. "For what?"

"For not screaming and running away."

Eddie bursts out laughing, and while that may have hurt Richie a couple weeks ago, he finds it comforting, now, that someone is able to take the piss out of such a situation. "Why would I do that?" He finally asks.

Richie shrugs. "Long story. C'mon, let's go work on the project. I'm sorry for running away."

Eddie grins at him, and Richie takes his hand to lead him upstairs.



And so what if they kept their fingers interlocked a little longer than necessary? Richie just confided so much of himself to someone he genuinely liked—who would stop them from making a great moment last longer?

The answer, was no one. Not a soul could take that away.

**Author's Note:**

huh ?? a *quiet* richie ?? impossible.

but i wrote it, so.

also, vampires.

idk about this concept, but here you go. i hope you enjoyed !! <3